Cat Gangsta

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Cat Gangsta

by Doctor_Whore

Summary

Based loosely on this old as hell prompt I stole the idea from https://axmxz.tumblr.com/ :

Adam is a scientist. He knows that it’s impossible for a person to turn into a cat and vice versa. But he’s pretty sure the stray cat he adopted recently has been doing just that. Also, he knew that cats occasionally brought their owners ‘murder presents’, but wasn’t that supposed to be mice and birds, rather than human fingers and stacks of cash?

Notes

It's in the same universe as Hannibal the Ca(t)nnibal and the plots maybe will be entangling. I wrote it cause I like the prompt through I just write it on a spurt of a moment as someone gets interested in this story. The whole thing sits in my head anyway, just need the motivation to write it(so y'all know what to do to motivate me!)

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The streets were damp with residue rain. The storm in the night before made Adam shiver with all the sounds hitting his windows.

He was doing better, a lot better actually. The flutter in his chest at being praised in his job warmed him every day. No one paid much attention to his quirks and he learned to excuse himself quietly when he needed to find his composure. After Beth, life went on and so it went for a year now.

New city, new job, new people- everything was so overwhelming at the beginning. His meltdowns lasted hours and were much more often than in New York but as the time went by he learned new tricks to calm himself down, new routines and variables to it were accepted and a week ago he decided to try something new every week- new dish last week (but not too new, for example, instead of broccoli with the chicken he would eat cauliflower with chicken, the texture was the same even if the taste wasn't).

This Friday his plan for dinner was to exchange chicken breast to pork, it was quite a big step as the time of preparation, needed spices and taste were all different but he felt more confident after such long time to conquer even bigger challenges. But just in case he still bought chicken with him.

As he was nearing his apartment in the tranquil neighbourhood of California a loud groan echoed through the street. It sounded like an injured human being. At that, Adam looked around to look for the man but instead heard more of low groans and growls and suddenly little meows and whines reverberated from the walls between two buildings.

He went into the direction from where the sounds came from and in the darkness of a muddy street laid a dirty blond cat. As Adam got nearer it he could see that the puddle in which cat laid wasn't rain. The liquid was thick and smelled like metal, there was no doubt in Adam's mind what it was.

But that amount of blood couldn't come out from the cat, could it? The little thing meowed once more and didn't even raise its head when Adam picked it up in his sweater. This one was a present from Harlan so it wasn't his favourite anyway, it was too scratchy and he had to wear thicker dress shirts under it and they were in California. California with its humidity and temperatures.

He wrapped the cat delicately into the fabric, like a burrito, it was supposed to calm them and make them comfortable, at least that what Susan said at the last party about her kittens. Also helping him to not get bitten or scratched in the meantime.

He couldn't see where the wound was or if it was external or internal even but small noises the thing made caused something in Adam's chest to shatter to million pieces. And he really didn't like this feeling. The most obvious decision then was to get the animal to the vet, but was there even any vet working at that hour?

He pulled his phone from the pocket of his jacket and quickly looked at the nearest open vet clinic, which was two kilometres away. He hated the idea of calling for the cab but to the rescue came app which only needed his location and card number-the cab was only five minutes away from him.

The little buddle in his arms meowed helplessly when he squeezed it to his chest and a little panic attack started to rise in his chest at it. He didn't want to cause pain to this poor creature but his sweater started to take a darker colour with the blood sipping into it. The minutes ticked by and it almost felt as if time slowed down. Adam knew it wasn't possible but his orientation in place didn't.

He crouched to the ground and started rocking softly with the rise of dread at not being able to help the cat. Another broken meow and tiny whimper woke him from the trance of hearing only the hum of blood in his ears and looking into the darkness of the street.

Andromeda, Antlia, Apus, Aquarius, Aquila, Ara, Aries, Auriga, Boötes, Caelum

He breathed in and held the air in his chest until it hurt and slowly let it out listing constellations in alphabetical order. When he got to Lepus lights from the cab enlightened the dark street and he stood at slowly as possible to not aggravate cat-burrito in his hands.

'Adam Raki?' asked cabbie leaning from the window.

'Yes.'

'Where would you like to get?' he asked when Adam got into the backseat manoeuvring the buddle and his bag to seat more comfortably.

'I need to get to the nearest vet clinic as fast as possible.' Adam said in one breath and after a second added 'Please.'

A little crease formed between cabbies brown and he looked at the thing pale Adam held onto as it was his own dear life with white knuckles. He saw the red stains in the light of the cab and put two and two together, determination rising in his heart at the knowledge what his customer had in his hands.

He knew the feeling too well, losing his old Mery to the son of a bitch of a truck driver when she went after the squirrel.

'Buckle up, kid. This will the fastest ride you will get in your life.'

With trembling hand, Adam rapidly went for the seat belt and as he buckled up the cab bolted like being shot from a slingshot. They got to the clinic in less than a minute, cabbie wishing Adam good luck as he scrambled from the backseat and ran to the dimly lit clinic.

'Hello, how can I help you?' asked a young woman in a light-pink scrubs with cropped brown hair.

'I-I-I...' Adam started hyperventilating with a meltdown at the ridges of mind only waiting for him to completely lose control.

The woman looked at his with concern and looked at the sweater that Adam held forward into her direction. She got nearer and looked into it, an understanding slowly coming into her eyes and features.

'Oh my.' she breathed out as the cat wiggled lightly and whimpered, the red stains colouring it's blond fur. 'Sir. I need you to breath. Slow in and out. I will take your pet from you now.' she too the offered cat and went to the small enclosed examination room when Adam's legs completely gave out and he melted into the ground.

The instant influx of different emotions clouded his brain, his eyes flying from point to point in the room, finally stilling on the poster with a little kitten on the branch with "Hang in there" printed under it. Somehow his mind fully concentrated on understanding the connection between the words and a poster and he remembered that he should breathe.

Andromeda, Antlia, Apus, Aquarius, Aquila

In and out, in and out, in and out.

The trembling of his arms stopped when a vet came back with a little smile on her face.

'It looks like your cat got stabbed which is strange. Maybe he empaled himself on some sort of spike or broken glass. Do you know anything about this?'

'I-I' Adam breathed in and out again and looked at her shoulder 'I heard the sound in the alley and sound him there this way. I don't know what happened as it's not my cat.'

She looked at him in mild surprise and a bright smile bloomed at her face. Not many people would care for a stray dying animal in these days. The young man seemed odd but he had a good heart.

'It looks like there is no trauma to the vital organs but he will need stitches and plenty of care. Are you able to provide that? If not it would be more merciful to put him down.' it pained her

to say that but that was the truth - if the man wouldn't even be able to take the stay home and sacrifice some time for it the thing would be in much greater pain than necessary.

Adam's eyes travelled from her nose to her cheeks and mouth cataloguing the features and painting a picture he could reference it to.

It looked like she felt hopeful?

He thought hard about all the things he already did to get here and the emotional turmoil at the thought of this cat dying. He looked at the clock and a spike of panic rose in him again, his day-plan already in tatters and then he heard a heart-piercing meow from another room and something like a stone grew in his belly.

He couldn't let the pitiful creature let die now. It wouldn't just do. The shake of his head already going on.

'I-I don't want him to die. Please, cure him. I will take care of him.'

'Then please wait here. I think I should be done in half an hour.

A bright smile came onto the vet's face again and she hurried to the surgery room to get everything ready. The procedure went without any difficulties and in just forty minutes Adam's arms were full of purrito again (that's what the vet said the name was when she handed it over to Adam.) buddled in blue soft blanket.

The long ashen blond fur was clean now as the woman cleaned it before the surgery and an E-collar was around cat's neck. He still was under anaesthesia and was just warm liquid in Adam's arms. He couldn't take his eyes away from the sharp but also adorable features of its face that he wanted to nuzzle. Which was a new feeling for him that he needed to study later.

Which a business card in hand and written directions on how to care for post-surgery animals he went home in the cab with the man who both him here and waited for Adam. The chat

with a man was curt but relief flooded cabbies face when he got to know that everything will be fine with Adam's pet.

When he got home the little panic rose in him again when he looked at the clock but then he looked at the sleeping feline and just concentrated on creating the best environment for the injured animal in his bedroom, which was a big nest of pillows and blankets built out of what he could find in his apartment. He unfolded the blanket and put the cat on its side in the nest making sure to not irritate the stitches and went to the kitchen to prepare sandwiches instead of dinner. There was no time to prepare even macaroni and cheese and it was nearing his bedtime but the rumble in his stomach wouldn't allow him to sleep without something to eat.

With everything on its place and dressed to sleep he laid on his side and looked at sleeping feline, his chest slowly going up and down with each breath and little movements of his adorable little paws lulled Adam to sleep.

He dreamed about space with cats in spacesuits roaming it, which was ridiculous nevertheless pleasant.

The feline beside him whereas dreamed about piercing agony of penetrated flesh with a knife, leaving life force with each gush of blood and warm soft delicate arms that created a space just for him and a heartbeat like that of a hummingbird that made his blood pumping and his need to chase it and keep it to himself the only thing that made him want to hold onto life.

Chapter End Notes

The End?
You decide if you want the continuation!
Your kudos take care of little purritos in Ms Vet's clinic and all your comments nag and spray with water cat-Nigel for being a stupid fuck and almost dying.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> Okay, so I had no idea that this story will be so popular! Like, WOW guys! So many comments and kudos 💖 it makes my heart swell!
> Also, the author of the prompt responded which makes me shameful of stealing the idea 😳
>
> I would love any thought on how you like the story as it goes on! Have a nice read!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The jabbing pain in his abdomen wasn't a surprise as he was cut with a knife. What was a surprise was that he could feel it, and not only that. Instead of hard concrete, he was sure he passed out on there was a soft fluffy fabric under him that made his body melt into it. The need to nuzzle into lavender-smelling material was un-fucking-fortunately obstructed by a cone. A fucking plastic cone of shame!

He couldn't fucking believe it! All those years spent as a cat, injured, high as a kite or drunk as a skunk and he never, fucking never had to wear a cone! If he could move he would rip it apart but he was stuck in what appeared to be a nest of blankets in someone's house.

His fucking luck. On the one hand, it was truly lucky on many points as being found out by someone and taken care of was a real miracle but on the other?

Humiliating on so many levels. He hoped that at least he didn't end up with some crazy old cat lady who makes her pets wear frilly tutus and handmade sweaters. That would be the shitiest luck he could have in surviving the knife to his stomach.

He tried to roll to the side but even the smallest movement caused a high-pitched yelp to escape his small lungs. The effect of it was hurried shuffling in the room beside the one he was in and clang of ceramics.

Well, it looked like he would meet his benefactor soon enough. The best course of action, for now, was to just lay low, act like a stray cat, get back to moderate health and get the fuck out of here.

And then an angel came in through the door.

Well, now his plan could go to hell.

The boy, cause that, had to be a boy with smooth like a baby's bottom skin and chocolate curls sticking out in all directions, so adorable Nigel almost wanted to lick them into place like with the newborn kitten, which was weird, crouched beside him and placed a small bowl

of tiny pieces of boiled chicken. The too big blue pyjamas in the constellations made him look even younger. Not a day older than twenty.

He drolled at the smell of meat, even as bland as the thing in the bowl was, and started crawling to it only to be stopped in his tracks with a sharp pain that tore through his muscles again. With a shriek and defeated meow he collapsed on his side, the cone digging into his face.

Darko would laugh his ass off if he saw him like this. A boy observed everything with an unnatural intensity and sat down on a floor as near Nigel as possible and took tiny bits of food in his fingers to bring to Nigel's mouth.

And, well, that was awkward.

He looked the young boy right in the eye and was hit with the bluest eyes he had seen, it reminded him of the sky in summer in Romania. His face was contorted in concentration that this task definitely didn't need and azure eyes looked into honey ones. The boy didn't say a thing, which again was odd as most people would try to make some noise or talk to an animal, or heaven forbid baby-talk to them.

Not like it mattered, in this form, he couldn't even reply really, besides that chatter that people believed to be real words. He had to behave like a cat, he would behave like a cat. Survival of the fittest (and most humiliated) and all that.

He leant to take the chicken from long slim fingers and he had to say that it wasn't as bad as he thought. Certainly better on his stomach than some more adventurous dishes, like milk. That somehow everyone believed is a good idea to give to an adult cat, which is not!

When the whole piece was eaten his traitorous tongue went after the taste and licked the remnants of it from the boy's finger, at what he heard the sweetest and purest giggle in the world, truly that of a child.

He made entertainment out of it and licked and nibbled on them taking the whole hand in his paws so it wouldn't escape. The sweet laugh echoed through the apartment and only with a momentary hesitation, another big hand landed on Nigel's head, delicately scratching between his ears.

Well, he could live with that embarrassment all his life. Scratches from beautiful guardian angels were always welcome, even if his human old ass cringed at the thought. He closed his eyes and leant into the touches.

'You are so adorable.' Whispered Adam directing his hand where Nigel wanted extra scratches (which was behind the ears).

Nigel didn't even listen to him, the caress made his whole body feel tingly and he melted into the blanket like butter. He meowed in affirmation thou, better to keep all angel's attention on himself if he wanted more of those delightful warm hands on his feline body. Somewhere in the back of his head, he remembered them from the night before when he bled out like a stuck pig.

Scratches stopped suddenly and Adam bought another piece of chicken for Nigel to eat.

'You need a lot of nutrients, the vet said you lost a lot of blood and you will be weak for a few weeks so I'm going to take care of you.' his angel said in the most monotone voice Nigel heard in his life, and after a minute of thinking, 'I'm Adam, Adam Raki. I'm not sure what is an appropriate protocol for knowing an animal but the Internet said it is important for you to know my voice and identify my emotions through it.' he smiled crookedly and resumed his observation of Nigel.

The kid was odd, Nigel had to admit it, but the delicacy he handled him with was something he didn't get in a long time so he could ignore those little quirks. He tittered in answer and resumed him eating. and then a nicotine withdrawal hit him. The pain in the back of his head hit him tenfold, now that he was in his cat form the effects of the withdrawal would be so much worse. And even grimmer part was that he couldn't get a smoke.

He couldn't buy cancer sticks as a cat, that was one. The second thing was that he could probably poison himself to death if he tried and the third factor which was the most important one-he couldn't transform back until the removal of the stitches.

I could not fucking wait for the anxiety and irritability to hit, he would be a terror. Staying low his ass, the kid will get rid off him in a second. Darko almost killed him when he treated his 3000 dollars leather sofa as a scratching post to relieve all the annoyance on the world because he got stuck in his cat form.

Now, this would be a thousand times severe. But in the meantime his belly was full and he had an angel to pet him. He nibbled on the hand again and bought it to his chin this time, the cone making the whole thing more awkward in manoeuvering. Adam giggled again and gave all his attention to the insistent creature. The cat had to be someone's pet as he didn't shy away from the touch, which was a good thing. He was troubled with an idea in the morning that he wouldn't know how to treat the newly adopted pet. If he was stray he could be aggressive and he wasn't sure if he would be able to handle that.

But fortunately, he turned out to be a cuddler which made Adam's heart swell with each lick and nuzzle of the small head into his palms. He wanted to take him into his arms again, the weight of the warm small body so calming and peaceful. He woke up precisely at eight and spent a whole morning on researching everything about handling a cat, which was a lot easier than a dog by the looks of it. They didn't need all the attention and were quiet most of the time. They took care of their own grooming and didn't need walks to defecate which allowed Adam freedom in his routine.

It looked like he found himself perfect companion, he smiled to himself, happy that he had helped helpless animal and found a friend(even a furry one) in one day. The problem now was how to name him also there was a question if he had an owner. There was no chip or collar to indicate that but the friendly demeanour meant that he was accustomed to humans. Adam had to work this all out in its own time, for now, he focused entirely on petting his new purring friend.

Chapter End Notes

Your kudos take photos of a cute picture that Nigel and Adam make, your comments speed up my writing process of this domestic fluff!

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Adam took the week off from work to take care of his new fluffy friend. It was easy to understand him as there were maybe twelve ways on how to know what your pet felt, which he already had a printed chart on. The way their tail moved or their ears or sounds were clear in their way that human body language wasn't. He knew the basics, studied "sad face, smiley face" charts and people's faces but humans weren't so forthcoming with their emotions as animals. They hid them and faked it, using lies and sort of masks to maim their conversation partner.

He found it more peaceful to just spent his days with a lap full of furry purring ball. Any time he sat down with tea and book or laptop Fornax meowed to be taken where Adam went. At first when Fornax tried to get up to get to Adam when he worked on getting rid of any bugs in his new system he mewled and yowled so loudly and heart-rendingly that Adam just couldn't leave him alone. The stain on the injury was still too much for his little body to handle so with the support of a few videos from Youtube Adam learned how to pick him up and now every time he sat down somewhere outside the bedroom he took Fornax with him.

The name came to him right that moment when he felt the heat seeping from little buddle through the material of the slacks to his skin. He named him Fornax after the constellation that lies in the southern hemisphere of the sky. Its name means “the furnace” in Latin, which was perfect for the cat as he produced as much heat as a furnace. He found the joke quite funny even if Fornax didn't, expressing his displeasure by pawing at his belly when he explained it to him.

It was strange sometimes how much his feline friend understood, he had read about their intelligence and capability of understanding human emotions through intonation or body language but what Furnax sometimes did was simply unnatural. But in the end, he attributed it to the cat's previous owner or Adam's greenness with animal behaviour.

Of course, not everything was so easy and pleasant.

The first time when he tried to hide antibiotics, to fight any infection, in a cooked fish Fornax almost choked on it and spit it out. The look he gave Adam couldn't be any other than that of annoyance with flicking tail and eyes oozing disdain. Then he attempted to quickly put it as far at the back of his throat and rubbed it when he was bundled into a blanket to not trash too much, which worked the first time. The next time he knew exactly what would happen when Adam came with a blanket and hissed at him trying to run away under the pillows of his nest.

Even he could guess that the action wasn't appreciated so he sat down beside him and explained. Fornax was smart, maybe he could understand the need to take pills, which turned out to be true, to Adam's absolute surprise. From then on Adam left them beside cat's food with a bowl of water and each time it was eaten without any disturbance.

Another thing that came up was the problem with a litterbox, which was not used in slightest. The page about training cats said it was necessary to supervise the process of defecation after the surgery to ensure that there was nothing wrong but Fornax instead of doing just that insisted on climbing to the toilet seat and take care of the business there, always hissing at Adam if he tried to observe him as he pooped or when looked into the toilet bowl before flushing it. It worked for maybe four days until Fornax didn't lose his balance and ended up inside the toilet, meowing and hissing when he tried to get out of it and after that chattering when his owner gave him a good scrub to get rid of any filth or bacteria that could get to his injury.

He worked out a routine around Fornax, which cat didn't complain about, mostly sleeping somewhere near Adam to be stroked by him. Somehow everything was smoothly going for those few days until terrible fever that hit Fornax.

Chapter End Notes

Can you imagine how awkward all those stuff were for Nigel? Cause I can! And I will write it XDDD
P.S. I'm a terrible person for this torment on the poor Nigel

Also Foxidermy, I had the same thing in mind XD This story is a truly pure crack at this point!

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

We have some feels and some crack, but mostly feels so be ready!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

As with most of Nigel's plans, this stunt didn't work out either. He was supposed to be a normal stray cat. Instead, he was the pill-eating shitting-in-the-toilet cat who understood human language and had some touch deprivation issues guessing by the amount of time he spent meowing for pets and scratches.

Not that he complained. Warm home-cooked meals(even if a bit bland), sleeping almost all day long with a warm body near and delicate touch caressing him constantly weren't the stuff anyone in the history of the world would ever complain about (maybe besides the idiotic cone that Adam just wouldn't remove no matter how much Nigel scratched on it). And that was the thing. The way Adam touched him where Nigel wanted and observed so intently was flattering, in a way it shouldn't be when he was a cat. An injured, dirty (not so much now after a good cleaning after the accident in the toilet) old stray that didn't earn the look Adam gave him, the look of happiness and contentment. As if Nigel did something to deserve it. He didn't but he wanted to, he wanted to give Adam the world.

And wasn't that insane?

He was a cat for the god's sake! All he could do now was play with Adam's fingers making him giggle with glee or curl around him when he fell into his thoughts. It was only six days but Adam's routine only made him feel safer. The kid was like a walking clock that went shopping at the same time and came back an hour later, woke up always at 7 am and went to sleep at 10 pm, ate and worked as if it was scheduled minute by minute. He ate the same things over and over again but he still made Nigel's diet more healthy and manifold. He saw it himself. The chart of how to care for him and understand the cat's body language or what he could eat and when.

Every time Adam wasn't sure what to do with him, he would sit for hours before his laptop and research how to do something, like how to change his bandages, how to pick him up, how to give him his bloody pills (this wasn't a good memory as he gagged on the fucking thing the first time, then it was shoved into him and after extensive "discussion" with Adam, the kid left it for him to eat it by himself to his utter relief). Nigel was simply showered with care and attention. And wasn't that addicting?

It gave even greater high than damn cigarettes and didn't that say a lot about Nigel? Every time the craving hit him he would meow for Adam to take him to lay in his lap or occasionally on his chest and knead his ridiculous old-fashioned slacks or sweater.

The first time Adam tried putting him on his chest it was a really uneasy situation where he just laid still like a board and waited for "Fornax" (the most bizarre name for the cat he ever heard of) to find a place to be comfortable. That took Nigel around fifteen minutes of pawing at Adam's chest and nibbling on his fingers until his caretaker relaxed and he himself could nuzzle into a lavender-smelling soft sweater.

From that day on the chest was his favourite place to sleep in the world, the steady heartbeat under his little body, the mint-smelling breath and gentle strokes lulled him into half-sleep when Adam took one of his fat books and read it quietly. His monotone voice drilled into his brain and made a nest inside it to be always remembered. He loved those moments, well, all moments spent with Adam, even the most humiliating ones.

Somehow he felt too old to return to the life of being a crime lord, at least not be the one in the centre of the action. In those tranquil moments, he dreamed about staying outside it, like his friend Darko who "somehow" didn't have so many scars as him, and even had a kid and wife! Fucking motherfucker! He knew he chose this life for himself, the action, blood and violence. He thrived in it, it was better than cocaine and alcohol combined, the high of adrenalin making him invincible. But then he ended up with another life-threatening injury and had another scar as payment for this particular drug.

And now he had Adam, beautiful kind Adam, who made him, the terror of Romania, curl into a ball and just purr or beep for attention. In only six fucking days! The kid made him melt like butter under the sun, figuratively and literally speaking, because right now he was splayed on his back, fluffy limbs in all directions as his Adam played with his paws. He pressed on his baby pink pads and smiled every time when claws showed up to retreat again, and as always talked like a machine gun.

'Today there was an interference in the space observed where black holes were.' He almost bounced with excitement which made Nigel chirp in the affirmation that he listens to all Adam's space talk. 'There was a collision of two black holes! Can you imagine that, Fornax? But the abnormality of this event was that there was a flare of light noticed instead of gravitational waves when they merge. They suggest that the flare could have been produced if two smaller black holes met up in the vicinity of one supermassive black hole, coalescing within the swirling gas disk. That unification could have flung the resulting merged black hole through the disk, creating a shock wave that heated the gas, producing a temporary burst of light. They still don't have enough data to know if its typical way the black holes behave but imagine the consequences of the confirmation of this data?' he sighed dreamily scratching Nigel under the chin 'It would provide a whole new view on how black holes are made and live and die. This could change so much in the understanding of space mechanics.'

He meowed again, changing his position to lay nearer Adam's face and pawing at it affectionately. He wanted to lick it, needed it, he wanted to show how much Adam meant to him after such a short span of time. But THE FUCKING CONE didn't allow him that so he just opted for snuggling into him, leaving his scent on his new drug of choice. Adam was his

now, his safe harbour where he could anchor his ship and just be. He knew it wouldn't work in the long run, he couldn't stay in cat form all his life. It was nice and all but he didn't want to become like those feral type 3 were-people who just went bat shit crazy and lived as animals till death forgetting their human nature to instincts.

But for now, he would stay and savour all the attention and love he could. And that was love, the way the young man treated him was something Nigel sought for all his life and here he had it, as a cat. A fucking cat. When Adam fell asleep at ten pm like clockwork he thought about it. If this magnificent little man could love him this way when he was human? Would he allow human Nigel to nuzzle into his neck and breath this magnificent simple scent of salty sweat, non-allergic lemongrass soap and lavender-smelling detergent? Would he allow him to shower him with so much attention and love that other people would say it was obsessive? Because it was, the way he stayed half of the night up just to watch how Adam slept, his curls flying in all ways when he changed position, his breath steady and small, his eyes moving under eyelids adored by long deer-like lashes when he dreamt probably about those black holes, nebulas and stars.

Nigel would be his if only Adam wanted it, his heart already beat for him, thanks to saving him from the blood loss and because of his love for the stray cat with too many secrets. He fell asleep moments before Adam woke up, his mind cloudy, his body burning hot and his injury itching like motherfucker.

Chapter End Notes

Angst in the next chapter! A fever is the smallest of Nigel's problems!
I think I overloaded with all that fluff in this chapter so I need some drama going now, sorry my darling.

Your kudos scratch Nigel behind the ear, your comments make him feel better in the next chapter with all the shit that will go on.

Also, who is interested in some fanart for this fic? Options are:
1.FLUFF, SO MUCH SWEETNESS EVERYONE GETS DIABETES
2.pure crack
3.comic strip

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He couldn't fucking believe it he had to fly all the way to the US to get his friend's sorry ass from trouble. Again.

Nigel wasn't an idiot when it came to the more dirty part of the business but he had his years and he told him millions of times that he should leave this shit to youngsters and just take the cash.

Of course, the old fuck went and got all indignant about it. "I can take care of it perfectly well by myself. What possibly a small gang in stupid California could do to me?". The fucking king of the idiots, that was what his best friend was. Although it was supposed to be an easy deal, a simple plan to undermine their strongholds and see them burn. The "small" gang that had connections through the whole damn American continent caused them a remarkable amount of damage in the US in the last two years with him and Nigel being occupied with the European market. And so his fuck of a friend went there to do it on a wing and a prayer, the hotblooded bastard that he was.

He told him it would end in blood, and not just any but their own. But no, why listen to his best friend for life Darko? When he was correct, right? Maybe when he told him not to get obsessed with Gabi or maybe when to lay low for his own good after the whole incident with her father? Or maybe when to just let this one go and fucking sit on his ass and just watch the problem burn far away from it in Romania? But no, Nigel and his stupid rules and addiction to adrenalin.

He sometimes wanted to just strangle the bastard when another moronic idea left his lips. He should do it just that when he finds him. Chokehold and then glue Nigel's ass to the sofa. Darko smirked to himself at the idea, it held a lot of appeal. He wouldn't have to struggle with either of his forms, cage last time didn't work so well and had its consequences in more scratched furniture. But what was he supposed to do? Nigel just wouldn't leave his stuff unscratched, he had to replace the leather sofa (Fucking leather!) and the mahogany desk for Christ's sake!

Darko looked at the tracking app on his phone. Even with jet lag after a sixteen-hour flight, he wanted to make sure that Nigel was alive. No contact with him for a good seven days meant that the whole thing was a complete dumpster fire and that Nigel was dead or dying.

And that's when the localization app came in, Nigel was none the wiser when it came to newer technology and so a hidden tracker app was installed just in case, just like this one. And now it showed the same place for seven days straight, which couldn't mean anything good.

He breathed in and out, trying to calm his nerves. There was no point to think about it until he found the damn phone. He was a few feet away from it already when he noticed muddied rags in the alley between two buildings, which upon further inspection were not only dirty with filth but also blood, old blood. He looked at the screen and then again at the pile of rags. There was only one conclusion to that, which he truly didn't like because the son of a bitch was now a cat. A probably injured cat, an inconspicuous stray that would be laying low for God knows how long.

The sixteen hours of jet log hit him like a hammer at the thought of searching through the city for one cat. For a man? No problem, someone would notice him in the club, shop or even on the street. Nigel wasn't really much for the subtlety when it came to his more gangster-looking appearance. But with the cat? It will total hell of an investigation that would probably end with Nigel being dead or showing up with his stupid grin on his face when all hope for finding him will be lost. The idiotic bastard that he was.

Darko scratched his forehead sighing at the thought of dealing with this shit show. Now he had to deal with the Californian gang and his friend's disappearance. The day started to become more irritating with each passing moment and the jet lag didn't help. For now, he should go and sleep through it, he would deal with Nigel's case when he gets at least eight hours of sleep. Not like the bastard will just show up before his eyes in the second.

Or will he?

When he whirled around to get to his car and then to the hotel Nigel's cat face looked at him with eyes full of shame and annoyance. And he wasn't surprised by that at all because the poor motherfucker had a cone! Darko started laughing so much that passersby looked at him as if he went mad. And wasn't that precious?

He went nearer the electric poll that had Nigel's face glued to it with a "FOUND CAT" sign above the picture of his friend. He couldn't stop his laugh even when he took the poster down, as a keepsake for the future. When Nigel does something stupid he will just take it out and laugh his ass off letting all the steam off.

But for now, he had to call Adam Raki, the presumed man who took in his werecat friend.

He was prepared for it, as much as one could be prepared for a shivering heated body in his lap that tried to vomit the entirety of its stomach, which was now empty after the first bound. He knew that the infection was a probability, Vanessa told him so when he came by the vet's clinic for another batch of antibiotics. After that, he prepared a plan that typically was attached to the refrigerator door but now crumbled in his right palm as he petted Fornax with his left.

He looked at the list and breathed in, holding the air in as long as possible to let it out slowly. *Everything will be fine*, Adam thought. He was already sitting in the cab to Vanessa's clinic where she will take care of his feline friend. Everything would be alright as long as he would get him there, he couldn't know anything about his health anyway even with all the research he did on cat's anatomy and behaviour. It was better to leave it to Vanessa who smiled at him every time he visited her and replied eagerly when he texted her to ask about something.

A meow and a pitiful whimper woke him from his frenzy of petting Fornax, his hand almost pressing down his small body to his lap. His hand shot up to not relieve more of his stress on the fragile feline physique.

Andromeda, Antlia, Apus, Aquarius, Aquila, Ara, Aries, Auriga, Boötes, Caelum

The list of constellations going on and on in his head until the cab stopped before the clinic and Adam stormed out of it, his phone pinging for a paid fare with the app. He could already see Vanessa through the window, his heart beating so much faster with relief at the sight of her.

It will be fine. Everything will be fine. He just had to leave everything to her. His thoughts were screaming and his mind was already overloading at the number of emotions that swirled in it: relief, anger, distress and tenderness. There was so much of it and the little whines and meows his purrito made wasn't helping this time. When he first found Fornax it was easier to focus as the cat wasn't so ingrained into his life, however now he was part of it. So perfectly

fitting in and just being there, making Adam happier and more relaxed than he was in the longest time.

Fornax just knew what to do to make him feel whole and normal. He wasn't complicated and didn't treat Adam as such, one reading the body language of another, it was easy, easy and comfortable. And Adam didn't want to lose it.

'Vanessa!' Adam squeaked when he came in through the door with fervour, Fornax buddled in his arms.

The vet came to him smiling sweetly, through the week she got to know Adam she found him more adorable than strange. He was a peculiar man nevertheless sweet and caring, somehow warming her heart at the sight of him with Fornax in his arms. Even his ramble about space was interesting even if a bit detached from the conversation as being a monologue of sorts.

'Hello, Adam. It's good to see you.' she smiled and tried to catch his eyes which he averted swiftly and kicked his heels.

'Hello, Vanessa. I-I-I need you to help Fornax. He has a fever which I haven't checked the temperature of because I wasn't sure if I won't hurt him in the process, also his breathing is harder and he has full-body shivers. He vomited the content of his dinner from yesterday and when there wasn't anything left he retched a slimy yellow liquid. I don't know what to do and I would like you to do something. Anything to stop him from dying.' the whole speech said on one breath, his voice unsteady and near panic. And as an afterthought, he reigned himself and straightened his arms to give meowing Fornax to her. 'Please.'

Her eyes became worried and pitiful, but not by the state the cat was in but by Adam's. He looked so fragile, so small and wounded by the sheer probability of complications in his little friend's recovery. She wanted to embrace him and reassure him that everything was alright and that she will take care of it but instead she took Fornax with a delicate caress to Adam's who didn't even notice it and went to her examination room.

'Come, you can help me here. You are a soothing presence for him and I will need you to distract him when I check his temperature.' She put the buddle of writhing cat on the steel table and got to work. The response to the light from the small flashlight was a bit unnatural

but that was expected from a fever, she looked at the stitches which were still neet but the bare skin around it was reddish with presumable inflammation.

"It looks like oral antibiotics weren't enough for fighting off the infection.' she said not looking at Adam as he hovered beside her. The response to the touch was typically slowed down and the muscles were more tensed up, which was good in a way, it meant that the body fought and it wasn't a lost cause. She went to the cardboard for the digital thermometer saying to Adam 'Please hold him still for a while, try to distract him with something. I have a piece of jerky but I am not sure it's a good thing to give him with his stomach problems.'

Adam took hold of Fornax's lean torso, the instructions allowing him to focus on anything else that wasn't low meows of vexation when Vanessa started to stick the flexible tip up his anus. Fornax hissed and tried to wiggle away from it but it was already in place, measuring the temperature.

'Does it hurt him?' asked Adam, trying to distract Fornax with scratches under his jaw that he loved so much but were blatantly ignored right now.

'Oh, no. Not at all. It brings a bit of discomfort but it's lubricated so the slide is smooth so there is no pain to it.' she smiled at Adam and caressed his hand reassuringly that he held on the cat's torso and catching his eyes just for a second, only for Adam's hand to retreat from under her's as Fornax hissed and meowed at them in irritation, wriggling some more. The ring of the thermometer completely destroyed their little bubble to Vanessa's dismay. She looked at the screen and smiled.

'The armature is 40 Celcius so not bad or good. For now, I will prescribe him antibiotic ointments that you will have to rub near his wound two times a day in the morning and before going to bed and stronger antibiotics that you should give him with the same frequency as the last ones. Oh, and change his dressings once a day. If his condition doesn't get better in the next two days come again and if it will just check with me in the next five.' she smiled at him again and patted him on the back, her warm touch uncomfortable with Fornax's eyes plastered on them.

'Okay, thank you for everything, Vanessa, I will.' he smiled crookedly and started to gather his friend to his chest, the heated body so much more pleasant than the unwanted touch of the vet's.

He paid for everything and went out on the street to take in the breath of air that didn't smell like antiseptic and wet dog. He smiled at Fornax who started to lick his jaw from his cocoon of soft material and nuzzled into him. Definitely preferring this touch to the one in the building. As he was about to order a cab his phone rang, an unknown number showing on his screen. He hated talking through the phone but he was accustomed to it now, his work forcing him to deal with the uncomfortable ordeal.

He brought it to his ear with a click on the green button. 'Hello?'

'Hello.' a gruff voice said from another side. 'I think you found my cat-' the sentence was abruptly disconnected as Adam clicked on the red button looking at the screen. He completely forgot he hanged those posters almost a week ago. He pressed Fornax harder to his chest until a high yip woke him from his slowly creeping meltdown.

'Oh.' he murmured looking at his best friend. 'What am I going to do now?'

Chapter End Notes

I AM NOT DEAD! but my writing spirit is a bit. eh well sorry it took so long but the chapter is slightly longer so don't hit me? please?

Anyway I hope you like the story so far as it will be getting more dramatic and stupid from now hehe I know I'm a terrible person for making Nigel go through all this pain and Adam all this drama but well... just rolling with the punches here
Also thanx Foxidermy for the idea with the poster ^^

Your kudos take posters of Nigel in the cone as a souvenir, your comments scratch him under the chin AND make this gal write faster XD

Hit me up on Twitter!

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Adam didn't know what to do. Well, he knew what he was supposed to do but he didn't want to do it.

After the unfortunate phone call, he came back home with Fornax and made him as comfortable as possible in his bed made out of blankets as he went to deal with his creping meltdown. He walked from one wall to another, trying to get rid of all the nervous energy that accumulated after finding out that someone wanted his friend back. That his little feline companion wasn't his to take care of. In this week he made so many changes to his routine to accommodate Fornax's needs and now everything was going to shatter into tiny pieces because someone wanted to take the cat away.

He tightened and relaxed his grip as he walked energetically, trying to contain the building scream at the back of his head. He already could feel the pricking feeling in his eyes as the tears threatened to spill. His mind was fighting with itself on what to do- it was the right thing to do to give back the cat, he made those posters for a reason but on the other hand, he didn't want to, he wanted to keep Fornax all to himself. To see how he gets better from his fever, how he recovers from the injury or when he does strange things looking at Adam as if he understood. As if he knew what he said to him and did his best to make Adam happy and relaxed.

He couldn't deal with the thought of losing him, again being alone in the small apartment. Only his father understood his needs and that was after long years of meltdowns and tantrums over small changes. He had Harlan, but he always tried to make him fit in, to talk about "men stuff", and he had Beth who never understood who he was, what it meant to him when someone lied. He knew he had to change and he did, step by small step but why was he the only one to accommodate? He felt as if he was the only one trying to take another step when the other person just waited for him or even worse- hauled him by some invisible line in their direction, to become "normal".

And then there was Fornax, his fluffy flatmate who needed him as now Adam needed him in return.

He was easy. Easy to understand and to create a routine around, which he had no problem with. Not like most people had. He liked to be petted and be near Adam, he didn't behave as a typical cat did but it was perfect for someone like who wasn't a typical human, with his brain wired differently from the rest of the populace.

And now everything could end because of his poster.

Stupid Adam, stupid, stupid.

He sat in the corner of the room, safely enclosed by two walls and the weighty blanket from his wardrobe in his bedroom. He didn't have to use it for so long that he put it just there. Tremors were going through his body as he rocked from side to side. His head pounding and his thoughts too sluggish or too fast to comprehend. Tears ran down his cheeks and little sobs escaped his tightly shut lips. He felt like he was melting into the ground and walls. His body, not his own anymore, as if he was trapped in it as it slowly ceased to exist. His brain was dissolving it from the inside out.

He cradled his head in his hands, trying to not let it melt away with the rest of his body. His ears hurt from the sounds outside, his eyes tightly shut to get away from the light of the day. His body was like a strained cord, his muscles already hurting from the constant cramping.

And then a wet warm sensation on the skin of his forearm made his body jolt and unclench, allowing the cat to wriggle between Adam's chest and legs that were huddled to his chest to create the embryonic position. The feline started to knead his shirt, little paws with its claws a distraction his brain took readily. A rough tongue traced the paths of salty tears on Adam's cheeks and a hot body weighted on his chest, vibrations of the purring making him slow down. His brain latched onto the heat of the other body, the calming weight of his friend made the hectic energy slow down. Minute by minute Adam could think more clearly, his senses coming back and resetting themselves to make the world around him a more bearable place.

He lowered his hands from his head to Fornax's body. The softness of his long ashen fur was a positive input for his fried senses. He ran fingers through it, the warm skin underneath still thumping with a low purr. He cradled his friend in his arms and breathed in the smell of residue lavender fabric softener and typical animal musk. Fornax burrowed into his cotton shirt still kneading his pectoral and started to leave his pheromones on Adam in a typical calming manner that cats did to each other.

'I'm fine now.' Whispered Adam, embracing the feline creating a cocoon around the small body. 'Everything will be alright'

As in confirmation Fornax licked his throat and nuzzled into it.

Nigel looked at the whole ordeal like through the fog. His head was pounding with migraine and he wanted to gag every ten seconds, everything was too cold and his body was too hot, only Adam's warmth was some kind of distraction from all-present ache. It wasn't terrible pain, he had worse, too many times really, but the cat body had different anatomy and so his senses were more muddled than when he was in human form.

He could feel the trembling of Adam's hands when he picked him up to get to the vet. His stargazer was like a leaf on the wind through the whole ride and at this moment he really wanted to just hold him in his bigger frame, to shush him and kiss his forehead until he was his pure self, with his big blue eyes and unchecked smiles that he gave Nigel when he nibbled on his fingers or sat in his lap when Adam looked at his stars, stroking with one hand his fur and with other adjusting the telescope on the small balcony in his apartment. He laid there listening to Adam's excited voice when he talked about the constellations he looked at that particular moment and felt lulled to sleep by the rhythm of it.

And then the vet who he tolerated became his enemy in the course of ten minutes with the fucking thermometer in his ass and hand stroking Adam's. Stupid bitch was so brazen with her flirting he wanted to laugh and bite her but instead he made sure that Adam's attention was fully on him. Nothing left to her and her idiotic "See you soon, Adam. I hope without Fornax next time." To which Adam was none the wiser and didn't get the obvious innuendo.

And there was the phone call, in which he heard Darko's voice just fine until Adam disconnected. The stupid fuck of a friend found him, for which Nigel loved him but at the same time created the storm of stress that was Adam right now.

The door to the bedroom was slightly open and he could see how his angel paced in the living room. His body oozed the unwanted energy from the distress, he saw Adam that way a few

times but it wasn't like that, the striding was almost aggressive, his hands clenched and unclenched furiously and his head was bobbing up and down and he mumbled something under his breath. Nigel was scared for him. His little saviour was now in need of saving and he heaved with difficulty from his nest to get to Adam when he didn't see him walking anymore. And then he heard the sobs, pitiful and small and so sad his heart hurt. Nigel felt like shit but the pain in his chest was worse, it ripped him apart and made him feel as if he was dying.

He didn't know he was meowing loudly and wretchedly himself until he saw Adam's shuddering frame in the corner. The quiet sobbing was such a contrast to his own lamenting that he stopped abruptly seeing how Adam was trying to cut off any noise with his palms to his ears.

He walked around him, looking for a space between the wall and heavy blanket to get to Adam but he found none. With his claws, he tried to remove the blanket but to no avail, only a small fraction slid down Adam's shoulder and showed a bit of the skin of his arm. He licked it and used the moment of confusion to make a place for himself near Adam's heart, the rhythm of it erratic like that of a hummingbird's wings. Nigel tried to distract him any way he could, the smell of distress so pungent in the small space clogged his nose and made him sneeze.

He nuzzled, licked, kneaded, nibbled on any patch of skin he could reach for what he felt like hours until Adam slowly relaxed and cradled him in his warm pliant arms. He didn't even pay attention to how much his own body was tired because of infection and simply slumped into Adam's embrace. He could spend his whole life in this embrace, so snug and tender and just right for his small cat frame, always near Adam's heart.

He fell asleep just like that, the walk through the house too much for his ill body and Adam's mutterings about everything being alright were just like a lullaby, sweet in taste and coiling around his ears.

'Hello?'

There was silence on the other side of the line, and then a ragged breath.

'Hello. My name is Adam and as the poster said, I probably have your cat. I'm sorry I disconnected the last time but the news of you calling to get back Fornax caused a panic attack.' The monologue was said in one breath and so quickly Darko looked at the screen of his phone.

With who the fuck his friend ended up with? The guy had to be a complete freak to have a panic attack because of the call. He could already see how Nigel jumped into his arms for,finally, finding him. The little fucker was too lucky for his own good sometimes. And what with this idiotic name? Fornax? Who the fuck calls a cat like that?! Though it was still better than Snowball or Fluffy or something similarly absurd.

'Oh, yes. I understand, but the thing is, can I get him back?' He lowered his voice a bit, a bit more friendly in tone.

'Ah. No.'

Darko looked at his phone once again and blinked a few times to accept the strangeness of the situation. The guy was really an oddball.

'Okay, so why did you call then?'

'Oh, I would like to arrange a meeting with you and Fornax to see if he really is yours.' The monotonic voice announced and so Darko looked at the screen of the phone for the third time. He really didn't know why, it felt as if it had all the answers to the ridiculousness of this situation.

'Okay, could we meet today?'

'No, Fornax and I have a routine to keep up today but we could meet tomorrow at eleven am in Santa Rosa Park.'

'Well, that's fine with me.' A routine? Nigel and routine? He knew, when he saw him, he will laugh his ass off with all the shit his best friend went through for Adam-guy. 'I will see you then. See you. Oh and also his name is Nigel.'

He disconnected and stifled the giggles with his hand. Somehow he knew tomorrow will be a really fun day.

Chapter End Notes

I'm dead...I can only draw, I have no idea how to write

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Hi, there! I'm back with a new chapter *shows the little cute thing proudly*

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He doesn't really want to go to the park to meet Fornax's owner, or like the man said Nigel's. But it was the right thing to do and his father taught him to always try to do the right thing. Even when he trembled like a leaf on the wind holding his friend close to his chest, the warmth of his body seeped through the sweater and shirt to calm Adam's too fast-beating heart.

Fornax was still fevered but in better condition than yesterday, no more gagging and shivering mess. Now he was wrapped in the same sky-blue blanket Adam first put him in, the e-collar still in place. He saw how the feline rolled in it and always covered himself with it before a nap when Adam wasn't looking. If he had to give Fornax away he wanted him to at least remember him through the assistance of a blanket, or at least that's what the Internet said. He wasn't sure himself if cats could have reminders of people through things but it was already his so why not let him have it?

Fornax wasn't as stressed as Adam, on the contrary, he still managed to nap in his arms as they got to the park. Adam sat in the centre of the park on the bench and took off the heavy messenger bag. He put the most necessary stuff there to hand over if needed, like medication, treats and grooming glove Fornax loved. He hoped that the man would still use it, even if it was used by him. The first time he showed it to Fornax, the cat looked him in the eyes for a long minute and with a sigh(Adam couldn't have imagined it, it really was a sigh) allowed to be groomed. Since that time Fornax brought it himself in his small jaws, finding it even in the wardrobe.

Adam smiled sadly to himself as he went through the things, checking for the third time if he got everything. Fornax really loved that silicone glove.

'Adam?' Asked the man that showed up just beside the bench. The same gruff voice from the phone suggested that it was Fornax's owner. The man was tall and muscular, dressed in an

expensive suit and gold jewellery on his neck and wrist, an amused smile played at the corner of his lips as he looked at the cat

'Yes.' answered Adam averting the man's gaze as he tried to catch his eyes.

'Okay. So could I get Nigel back?' The man inclined his head towards the cat in Adam's arms who instinctively tightened his grip and started to tap his fingers. The calming effect of the feline's body slowly ebbing away as he stood up and extended his arms so the man could take the sleeping buddle.

But without the known heartbeat and warmth, Nigel woke up in a second, still grouchy after his nap and looked for Adam's blood-red sweater with his claws but instead of it, he drove them into the skin and a scream of pain woke him up. When he looked to apologize with licks to Adam's chin he was stopped in his tracks seeing the too well-known face of fucking friend. Of course, he had to greet him in a proper way so he embedded his claws deeper into motherfucker's skin.

'What the actual fuck, Nigel!?' Hissed Darko taking Nigel's paw away as far as possible from himself, still observing how the deadly needles flexed in those fluffy murder mittens. In response, Nigel only chirped at him with satisfaction and a smug look. 'I know it took me some time to find you but how did you even expect me to find a cat in the city full of strays?' Exhaled exasperatedly Darko inspecting the damage Nigel did to his chest.

Nigel only rolled his eyes in annoyance and chirped at him again.

'Fine, fine. We will talk at home.' He was about to turn on one leg and get back to his hotel when a small 'E-excuse me?' reminded both gangsters that they weren't alone, too happy about meeting each other again.

Nigel instantly whipped his head in the cone in the direction of his star's voice and meowed helplessly, looking at him with big honey eyes. He started wiggling in Darko's arms but his friend held his tight.

'What are you doing Nigel?' His brows went up and up as he observed the new way his longtime partner in crime acted. He knew that too long time spent in animal form could make type 3 were-people a bit crazy but this really was beyond anything Nigel ever did. The feline hissed at him and started to wave his furry arms like a child for Adam to take him back.

'I don't want to presume, because I spend only a few days with For-Nigel but I think he would like to come back to me.' Said shyly Adam with a little happy sparkle in his eyes. He didn't know how to act with the stranger and the way Nigel and Darko behaved with each other was peculiar, as if the cat truly could understand human speech. Or the man just learned about it the way Adam did and just acted that way because it was easier for him.

Darko cocked his head and looked at the odd young man wearing grandpa's clothes. Looking at him made him think about puppies and their big eyes. And then he looked at Nigel and how he wiggled to just get back into the tight hug he found him in. After connecting the dots he started to laugh loudly startling both Adam and Nigel who looked at him quizzically.

'Sorry, sorry.' Darko said still cackling and holding one hand out in apology for the dumb reaction. 'I will take Nigel for a minute and you can hold him then, okay?' He smiled cheekily and started to walk to the more secluded area when Adam nodded hesitantly.

He stopped beside the treeline and took out a cigarette, only for it to be whisked away with crafty paws and be thrown away onto the ground.

'What the fuck this cancer stick did to you?!Huh?!' Scoffed Darko bending down to pick it up only for Nigel to hiss at him, eyes angry and ears plastered to his head.

'Fine, fine. I don't know why you suddenly don't want me to smoke but I will leave it for the explanation you can form words. Or maybe it's for my own health?' He chuckled and wiggled his brown to which Nigel scoffed at the idiot of a friend.

'Got it, not for me then. You pierce my heart, not even caring for your oldest ally.' Wheazzed Darko as he couldn't stop laughing at how Nigel tried to punch him with his fluffy paws.

'Okay, then. Back to business.' He collected himself with a few deep breaths. 'I get the feeling that you once again got head over heels for the pretty thing that took care of you.' One brow went up in a silent question. Nigel avoided his mirthful stare, which gave Darko a good enough answer to his suspicion.

'So what now? Do you plan to spend the rest of your life as a cat in the guy's lap? That was your plan?' He observed the slight changes in expressions on Nigel's fuzzy face. Hard as it was, he had practice after years.

'Oh no, you didn't! You didn't think about it at all! Jesus, Fuck, Nigel! Why do I always have to be the substitute for the part of your brain that contains logic?! Eh?!' Darko seriously sometimes thought he was a reincarnation of Nigel's dead brain and that was the only reason he was his friend to this day. Nigel just meowed at him, full of bitterness and acknowledgement.

'We can't really have this discussion now, there is so much I can understand from your meows and pawing.' Nigel looked at him in alarm and then in Adam's direction, not wanting his stargazer even for a day. He knew how Adam observed him before sleep so he would fall asleep himself. If he was gone, his Adam would wither away. He didn't want to be the reason for his distress once again, or ever really.

'Nigel, look. I get that you fell in love and all but you are not a cat, not fully at least. You are also a human that has a life and I imagine you could have more fun with your beauty when you take your more fuckable form. ' Darko winked at him and laughed loudly when his friend's ears perked up considerably with interest.

Nigel mulled the thought over for a second and came up with an even better plan than that. He would go back with Darko, meet Adam in human form but also in his feline one.

There was nothing that could go wrong with it! It was an excellent strategy to find out more about his angel's thoughts and at the same time become something more than a beloved pet.

He nodded eagerly, to Darko's relief and inclined his head to where Adam was so they would go back.

When they got to Adam, he stood still like a statue, only his eyes were slightly glazed and his now free hands tapped its own rhythm on the messenger bag. The worried baby blue eyes he penetrated Nigel with made the werecat reconsider his plan for a minute but it was too late as Darko started to talk.

'So, Adam, I had a talk with our scruffy feline friend here and he's good to go. But he didn't want to leave without saying goodbye so here you go.' He gave Adam the bundle made of cat and blanket and smiled discreetly at the picture they made. The kicked puppy face Adam had a minute ago changed instantly to a more joyous one, even if both expressions were hard to catch if you didn't know how to look.

Adam scratched Nigel between the ears and under the chin to the delight of the second, murmuring his goodbyes.

'I hope that you will be happy with your old owner and that you will take care of yourself. I would adopt you myself if I could but I can't, not when you already have an owner.' He smiled sadly and nuzzled into the blanket, the cone not allowing him to do it to Nigel's fluffy head. Feline breathed deeply the smell of Adam's shampoo and soap with the tint of the bitter scent of sorrow. He immediately wanted to replace it with his own to mark Adam and bring out the sweetness and freshness of contentment. Instead, he purred loudly from the depth of his chest, thinking about his plan and how he will make Adam one hundred times happier later, in his human form and feline one.

'Goodbye, Nigel.' said Adam and gave him back to Darko who felt really out of place for this kind of scene. Being uncomfortable was the mildest way he would describe the way he felt at that moment.

When he was about to depart with Nigel in his arms, Adam stopped him again with another shy 'excuse me?' and started to talk about the medication Nigel had to take, how often and what he liked to eat with it. That he had to change the dressing ever so often and rub his wound with ointments, that he should massage behind his ears to elevate the stress the cat could experience and showed him the silicone glove and how to use it to brush Nigel's fur. The young man gave him also different kinds of treats Nigel supposedly liked, the most popular were beef and oven-roasted chicken to which Darko chuckled to himself and Nigel rolled his eyes. He also had to listen to full medical history and at the end was handed the old-fashioned paper bag with all things, that made him look like a total nitwit with a cat in the blanket in one hand and the full, heavy bag in the other. He could hear Nigel snicker at him in that cat way that was even more maddening than his human one.

All in all, Darko spent almost thirty minutes listening to the kid talking monotonously about what Nigel liked, hated and how he should treat him. He really had to get a drink when he came back to the hotel, a really strong one. And then Adam said his goodbyes to them both and hectically started to make his way through the park to his apartment, and so Nigel mewled after him and wiggled relentlessly, once again giving into the cat brain of his. To that Darko had to drink a few strong ones.

When Adam's silhouette disappeared Nigel got his reason back and went with Darko to his rented car and so they went to the hotel.

Chapter End Notes

"There was nothing that could go wrong with it!"

Yeah, Nigel, perfect plan. I can see how this will turn out GREAT for everyone *sarcasm pours out from each word*

Also, anyone knows how to get all your muddled thoughts on the paper in a small amount of time and so it would be cohesive? If so, PLEASE LET ME KNOW. Writing is such a pain sometimes...

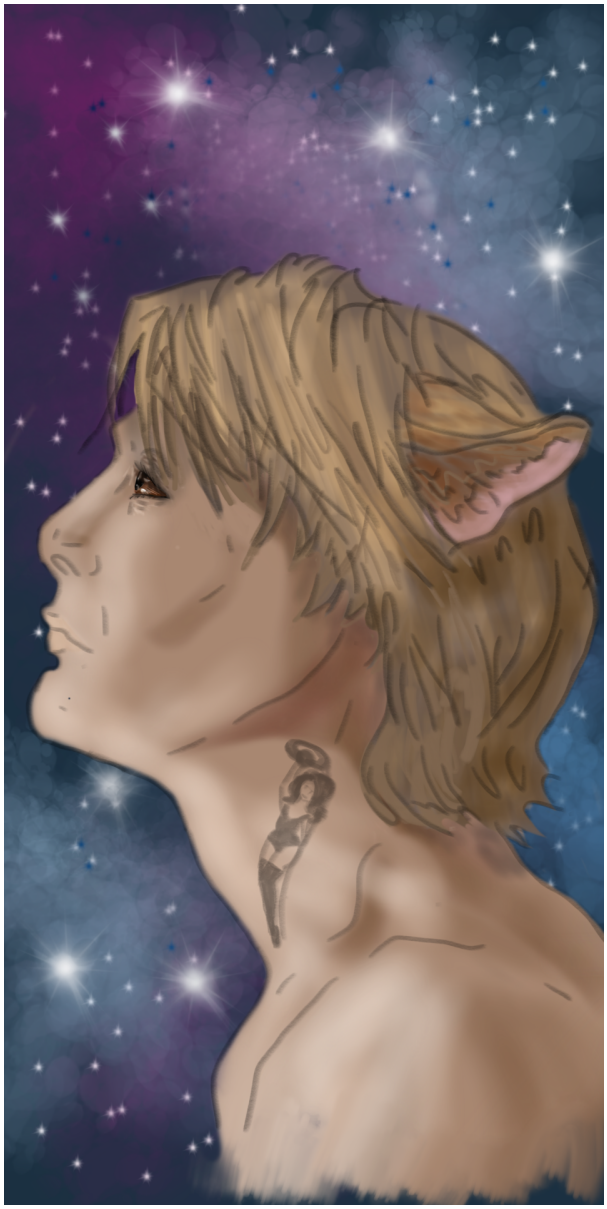
Hope you like the story so far as it will get funnier and angstier at the same time ^^

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Forgot to ask the question earlier so I post this for few days until the update on a new chapter:
Are we going with human Nigel or werecat Nigel(cat ears and tail?)This will determine how the plot goes, that's why I'm asking 😁

Human-angsty plot ahead
Werecat-more fluff and humour but there will be a little bit of angst too



See the end of the chapter for more notes

When Adam was going back home, he felt... empty. Like something was missing now when he gave Fornax, or like the man said-Nigel, away to his rightful owner. The whole way back, he spent time tapping his fingers on his thigh and squeezing his messenger bag, it felt empty too. The weight of the feline's possessions was taken away with him. He still had few things at home, like two bowls which just sat in the cupboard now, blankets and pillows that had to be washed and a house full of charts and books on how to take care of cats. Everything would remind him of his feline friend so he had to get rid of it soon. When he thought about it, he wanted him back. He wanted him in his arms, so warm and snug, he wanted him back in his home where Nigel had his place beside his bed.

He knew that if he focused on what happened just now and how much he wanted Nigel back, he would have a panic attack so instead, he breathed deeply murmuring under his nose.

'Andromeda, Antlia, Apus, Aquarius, Aquila, Ara, Aries, Auriga, Boötes, Caelum...' he repeated it over and over again until his thought focused on getting back home and going through with his old routine. But when he got back, he instantly went to the kitchen to prepare lunch for himself and his friend. He was stopped in his tracks when he opened the fridge to get two pieces of chicken to prepare.

He blinked once and then twice, the gears in his mind crashing with each other as the information of the change was registered. He understood and remembered why he should go back to his old routine, but at the same time, he didn't. He couldn't focus on thinking, his temples pulsed angrily again with incoming migraine. He put back chicken into the freezer and closed the fringe, almost peaceful in his movements. Then he went to his bedroom and shut himself there, closing the curtains and hiding under the weighted blanket.

The feeling of dissolving came as soon as he curled into the ball. His thoughts whirling around his feline friend and why he wasn't there, why he gave him away, why why why. He couldn't understand anything and anyone. Why did people he love always left him in the end? It was like he was constant and everything changed around him without his knowledge. He couldn't understand why.

He cried, he screamed and thrashed, until finally, the oblivion of unconsciousness took him away during hyperventilation attack.

When Nigel and Darko got to the hotel room the first thing they did was fight.

'Nigel, what the actual fuck? Now you tell me you can't change back?!' huffed Darko, taking the cigarette out from the pack, without interruption this time, as Nigel laid in the heap of blankets on the bed.

'Meow, meow, meow-'

'For God's sake! I don't understand feline language, Nigel! We have known each other for years, but I'm not gonna learn it only for your sake, you big dumb mog!' He took a large puff

of cigarette smoke and held it in, nicotine finally in his system somehow ebbed away part of his irritation at his asshole of a friend. He went to the little kitchen and made himself a drink, as he promised himself. As he gulped it down in one go he knew it wasn't his last one for today.

Nigel scoffed at him and hissed, irritated himself. It wasn't like he wanted to be a cat, he just completely forgot about almost dying when Adam was near. And Darko wasn't without fault himself, Adam told him that it will take at least one more week to get the stitches out. Not like Darko was listening. If he transformed now, they would just pop out(he already tried it once when he was young and dumb). The transformation wasn't some kind of magic shit that made you glow and just *puff* be a human or a cat or some other form of were-person. It wasn't pleasant at all, your body crushed itself into the smaller form or started to unfold like some small origami shit into a full-blown piece of paper.

It didn't hurt per se, but it wasn't something you would do every day. It's almost fully remade one's biology and mental stability, making human thoughts more animalistic, more instinctive and primal.

So yeah, maybe he was stuck for one more week in this body. And just maybe he would become a bit more unhinged(at least more than typically), but the biggest problem was that he left Adam completely alone now. He won't be able to meet with him as a human and for fucking sure Darko won't give him back to Adam until he got reasonably better.

The only thing that left was to run away back to Adam.

Adam woke up to scratching on his window and loud feline howling. He felt depleted and his mind was working sluggishly but he would recognize this sound everywhere. Hastily he got up and opened the curtains to look at the big dirty tangled up mass of fur sitting on his windowsill. The thing looked at him with big caramel eyes and meowed so sweetly something in Adam's chest ached.

'Oh, Fornax.' He murmured, opening the window to take the cat into his arms, not paying attention to flakes of mud that fell to the floor and stuck to his sweater. 'Did you run away again?'

The cat licked his chin in affirmation and nuzzled into a lavender smelling sweater. Nigel could scent Adam's anguish again, it was even worse than previously and it just hurt breathing it in and knowing what his little guardian angel had to go through because of his stupidity. He purred and snuggled into his neck, feeling so helpless in the face of Adam's anxieties. He wanted to make it all go away but even if he was human, he wasn't sure that he would know what to do.

As a cat, he had his checked tricks that would work at least a bit on Adam's mood swings but as a man? He had no idea what he would have to do to appease his star. Especially with the issue of not knowing each other. Now when he thought about it, he wasn't even sure how he could even meet with Adam as a human.

If he tried one of his pick up lines, for example, "I've lost that loving feeling, will you help me find it again?", Adam would explain it's not possible to find loving feelings and if he meant it as a material thing that can be touched he would offer his help. Not the worst kind of outcome but at the same time, it wasn't what Nigel wanted when he used such cringe-worthy pickup lines.

He was a hot-headed man and it would never change but right now he had to tone it down as his every plan was just going downhill. For now, he just had to stay with his star and make up for all the damage he had done by going with Darko.

Adam's hug became a fraction tighter and so much better thanks to it as he started petting him, weaving his slim fingers through long filthy fur and taking out clogs of mud and grime.

'You shouldn't have run through the rain back here, you still have a fever and I don't have your medication anymore, Fornax.' sighed Adam as he went to the bathroom with Nigel in his arms. 'It's as dangerous, no, it still is, for you to just walk around like that. So many things could have happened to you.'

If you only had an idea, thought Nigel grinning to himself at the memory of shady alleys with not the most friendly strays and too-friendly tramps.

Chapter End Notes

I know my updates are slow and all, so I'm really happy if you are still reading this story. I don't have much free time lately so writing comes harder to me but I will continue this story and I'm really delighted that so many of you are so invested in this story!

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

> My werecat Nigel propaganda😊 also tomorrow long chapter with grand escape, hard journey, longing, happiness and betrayal.

THE GRAND ESCAPE

Chapter Notes

There's the story in chapter 9 instead of poll just so you knew what's going on

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The plan was simple. He would wait for Darko to become so dead drunk that he would fall asleep the sleep of the dead. The problem was that the man had higher alcohol tolerance than Nigel so he had to annoy him as hard as he could. He didn't have to think hard or long on this one as Darko was one of the easiest annoyed people he ever met. He also dealt with it in silence, without violence and with drinking too much which made it so much more fun to tease him on a daily basis. His cat form allowed him also a bigger angle on this comical show.

'What do you want again?' sighed Darko, for what he felt the hundredth time when Nigel tapped his cheek with his paw. They laid in the bed, Nigel halfway in his blue blanket that he just wouldn't leave alone and Darko resting against a pile of pillows watching some shitty American show on the hotel TV, already the third drink in his hand. He still watched the TV when Nigel's paw landed on his nose and eyes. 'în pula mea! What is wrong with you!?' he took hold of the paw, wrestling it from his face but Nigel instead of just letting it fall back to his blanket extended his claws and stuck his claws in Darko's shirt, a very expensive shirt.

'Futu-ți pizda mă-tii! Nigel, can't you just leave me alone for five seconds?! I get that cats have some attention-seeking disorders and you too, but this is already beyond human comprehension! You wanted to go to the toilet five times already! FIVE! And I had to carry you there each time, where you actually used the toilet maybe once! Don't look at me like that! I have heard the flush only once, I didn't spy on you like your little freak.' Nigel hissed at him, threatening, his claws digging deep into the skin of Darko's chest. 'Ouch, ouch. Okay, okay, I won't call him a freak again, just let me go, you măgar!' Nigel squinted at him angrily but easied his claws out of the skin and fabric of the shirt only for two of them being hooked on the threads, taking them with his withdrawing paw. Darko looked at the whole scene in horror, this shirt was one of its kind and with Nigel's help was trash, one of its kind. Furthermore, his fuck of a friend started to chew on the fabric with his small feline teeth to cut threads which were stuck in his claws.

Darko had enough.

'You know fucking what?! I can't fucking handle you. I really didn't want to do it, and when you finally become human I will probably be beaten up to a pulp but I really can't deal with you today, Nigel.' Nigel looked at him suspectedly as Darko stood up and circled the bed to make a sort of awkward purrito out of a trashing cat. They wrestled like that for a good

twenty minutes until Darko half-sat on Nigel and just wrapped him so tightly in his blue blanket that he wasn't able to wiggle his way out of it. At the end of it, Darko giggled and wheezed lifting up a scowling cat in his arms and putting it on the pillow, which he took off from the bed and put on the floor beside the bed.

'I think a straitjacket suits you pretty well, if I can say so myself.' laughed Darko taking his already empty glass back to the kitchen to make himself another drink only to come back with the bottle. Nigel huffed at him and clapped his teeth at him when Darko wagged his fingers before his face to get on his nerves further.

'A,a. You can't bite me, my dear friend. Even if you were free, the cone wouldn't allow you to. You know what, Nigel? Maybe we should buy one big enough for you when you turn back? I still have your bite mark on my arm from when we were young.' sniggered Darko sipping on his drink as Nigel just blinked at him. If the blink could be full of hatred, it was this one. Darko just laughed at him and came back to watch some American action movie, only just a bit better than the show that ended when he fought with his friend.

The peacefulness of the night didn't stay for long. When Nigel noticed Darko nursed his sixth drink for too long and thunder sounded outside he meowed so querulously and loudly that Darko jumped a little and half of his drink splashed his chin and chest.

'You know what, Nigel? Fuck you. Just fuck you and your stupid feline ass that can't have its own room.' with the last words voiced the idea bloomed in his mind. He grinned darkly at Nigel and picked his angrily writhing purrito and went to the unlit living room and threw Nigel on the couch. 'Now, goodnight, Mr. Pain in Darko's ass.' he weaved his goodbyes and went back to the bedroom sighing in pleasure when the soft mattress took his weight. He felt too old for playing the babysitter for the werecat, he really had to find him someone else. He poured himself another glass, added some lemon juice and gulped it down to soothe his worn out bones and muscles. He really was getting old if wrestling with a cat was such a big deal for his body.

Nigel on the other hand just waited, he was already after his medications so the drowsiness was starting to set in but he fought it in favour to try loosening the tight cocoon nenorocitule tied him in. Without teeth the whole endeavour was long and irksome but, about what it felt like forever, he got out of it and climbed up the couch to see darkness oozing from the bedroom. He jumped down with as much grace he could with the cone still in place and neared the room to jump a few feet in the air at the loud snore that sounded through the hotel room. He fought the snicker and got as far away from the bedroom to work on the cone.

Working out how the whole mechanism operated wasn't hard but untangling it was. It was definitely worse than the blanket, also it was louder. It took his whole attention, which didn't allow him to hear the rain pounding against hotel windows.

'The freedom is a beautiful thing' thought Nigel as he cracked his neck once to one side and then to another in bliss. He took the cone and one pillow and put them under the blanket to pose it as himself. Darko won't notice it wasn't him without his morning coffee anyway. His ears fluttered from side to side, listening for the loudest sounds from outside, his whiskers vibrated when the gush of wind escaped the small upper window in the kitchen. He jumped on the counter and then hung onto the frame of the window and climbed to his ticket to Adam.

It rained cats and dogs but Nigel brushed it off. The feeling of wetness in his fur wasn't the most pleasant in the world but he didn't shy away from water like normal cats. From the window, he jumped onto a nearby ledge, which was still relatively dry. Flaring eyes scanned the way down in the dark, through window ledges, balconies, and ornaments. The slipperiness made the whole trip difficult, but the sharp claws helped a lot in getting through the dangerous path down. Nigel thanked his damned father for taking him climbing in their cat forms in Romanian mountains. It was not a sweet climbing, and more something like "I'll throw him into the lake for him to learn how to swim", but it taught him a lot and allowed him to survive until now. The last few meters he just jumped off and landed neatly on the sidewalk.

Now his long fur was completely drenched and turned more into the colour of uncooked grey-brown clay than anything else. The wet streaks of fur were entering his eyes, and his normally fluffy body and beautiful tail looked grotesque, his head almost too big for the slim body and slick tail. If someone saw his silhouette sneaking between buildings in the darkness, he or she would think of a giant rat rather than a cat looking for its home in a massive downpour. Orientation in the street was hampered by the torrents of raindrops, but his caramel eyes saw everything in the dark. Rats running in the nooks and crannies of the streets, human rats trading low-quality, addictive drugs, women in high heels rushing from nightly trysts or clubs, men who could barely stand on their feet, let alone keep their friends who were drunker than them.

Nigel laughed at the spectacle, but suddenly realized he was no different. The dreading cold feeling inside him could only be forgotten with a bottle of vodka or whiskey, he had not felt it for, what it felt like a long time, he had almost forgotten about it. Adam warmed him from the inside, warmed his guts and spread throughout his body. Being with him was like constantly drinking hot cocoa, invigorating and relaxing at the same time, igniting him from the inside, but not like a fire consuming everything around and destroying what it touched, more like a sip of a sweet drink, calm, grounding and so sweet in taste and smell.

Adam was his home. Home to his chilled heart and soul.

Nigel stared into the black space of clouds above his head, heavy raindrops changed to just a drizzle. He wanted to see the stars, he wanted to be in a warm embrace and purr in Adam's ear, he wanted to say sweet words to him and hold him to his own breast. He wanted ... Nigel didn't know what he wanted anymore. He wanted Adam as a cat and as a man, but he could not come to terms with himself. Not without revealing lies. He blinked a few times as the drops fell on his face. He didn't know how Adam would react, but it was obvious that it wouldn't be a good response. He felt stinging in his chest by the fact that he was wounding a gentle young man no matter what he did, but he couldn't leave Adam. Not the home for his weary soul.

He quickened his pace and, getting to recognize the well-known streets, he started to run shortcuts between the buildings, the dark streets were not inviting for law-abiding people, but he was not afraid of them in any form. He was almost on the street where Adam's house was located when a large dark shape rushed at him and hit the wall with his body. A loud threatening hiss sounded in his ears and thin pins of claws dug into his side. Nigel didn't even have time to turn his head as sharp claws dug deeper into his skin and sharp fangs came closer to his throat. The wild cat's hot breath smelled of rotting carcass and blood. Nigel didn't have to look at him to know that his opponent had more scars on his body than Nigel. The life of a stray animal was not easy or enjoyable, especially in a city full of hungry predators like you. Just waiting for you to get injured to claim your territory and food source.

And it was Nigel who entered the territory where his attacker was feeding. He silently cursed the rain, which washed away the scents or mixed them up so much that he did not recognize the danger sooner. Now he was paying for it, lying in the mud and street dirt. If it wasn't for the real threat over his neck, he would probably have decided to take a different way out, but at that point, there was no other, so he tucked his tail between his hind legs, avoided eye contact with the cat, and lied on his back, belly up, as if to offer vulnerability as proof of acquiescence.

Hiss was still present, but the teeth moved away from his neck and the claws stopped digging into his skin to spill blood.

And it was this moment that Nigel used to attack. He ploughed the face of the enemy cat with his sharp claws and lunged at him as he moved away with a high screech. Nigel started to hiss low and shrill, causing his opponent to slowly retreat. He swung at him a few more times, ears pointing to the sides, eyes staring at his opponent, the tip of his tail swaying slowly, showing his anger. His body was like a pulled spring, adrenaline began to circulate through his body with redoubled force, his spine bent upward and his eyes sparkled with the promise of violence. The opponent twisted within himself and looked away from his glare with the glowing green eyes. Nigel won, it was a small victory from the human perspective, but a big victory for the animal. The animals did not use such tricks, did not pretend to obey to attack in the next moment, only humans could do that. He hissed again, telling the loser to leave him, that he was not interested in his territory. The cat gurgled in response and jumped between the big garbage can and the garbage bags standing next to it. That's probably where his attacker jumped out from.

Once the threat was gone, Nigel walked briskly down the alley and turned into the street where his star's home was. It was very early morning, and the sun had yet to shine on the clear sky now, so when Nigel was downstairs, he hesitated outside the apartment window. He was weak and tired, he felt the icy water chill his bones, but the fever of the infection continued, alternately flicking his body like a rag. He didn't want to wake Adam, he wasn't even sure if it was possible with his sleep like a bear in winter. He looked around and saw a slightly open garage door in another building. He squeezed under the door, his stitches tore painfully at his skin as his belly scrubbed the floor.

The garage was empty, save for a few boxes and dust, but warm and dry, so Nigel made himself comfortable. He examined the various boxes and found one with old clothes smelling of mothballs and old cheese. He sighed sadly, but remembered that in a few more hours he would be able to inhale the pure scent of Adam - lavender, lemongrass and happiness.

When he woke up it was dawn so he scratched himself out of his cardboard box and flakes of mud and dirt peeled off his fur with every movement. He tried to lick off one patch of dirt, but the taste of old garbage and rot when he licked it knocked the idea out of his head. As he made his way out of the garage, he felt something snap open and pain beamed down his chest. Muscles tightened and he curled into a ball of pain. When the air could finally enter his lungs without whistling, he gently straightened up and looked down at his shaved torso. Several stitches had broken and hung ugly from his skin on either side of the still red, infected wound.

"Adam won't like this." Nigel thought and sighed as he walked towards his home. His gait was slow and his steps short so as not to strain the healing wound more than possible.

Fortunately, Adam's apartment had fire escape stairs, and Nigel was able to climb over them without much difficulty and climb the ledges of the windows to Adam's bedroom window.

He began to scratch gently, then harder when he heard no answer. His voice was hoarse and so small as he meowed, but Adam heard it. As his darling opened the shutters, he presented himself in an oversized crumpled sweater and shirt underneath it, pink cheeks glistening with salt from tears in the morning light, swollen baby blue eyes and red nose, his curls were in disarray and something sized Nigel's heart at the sight. The warmth of the embrace and soft words took away all the pain and filth of this night. Nigel didn't like the smell he could sniff on Adam but he knew that soon enough he would get rid of it with his own scent and play with Adam's fingers and curls.

The warm bath and delicate hands scrubbing away dirt made him fully melt, his brain didn't register what his darling was saying until he heard the words "owner".

'I will have to call your owner, Nigel. You can't run away like that. You agreed to go with him yesterday. You will have to go back to him.' the scowl on Adam's face pierced his heart and

the robotically said words made it into the stone.

Chapter End Notes

As human Nigel won in the polls by only a little bit, I had decided that most of the story we will have human Nigel and only a few crack-cute werecat, Nigel, cause I just can't leave those ideas only in my head u.u

în pula mea-which literally translates as in my cock, but has a meaning nearer to the English fuck in that it expresses anger or dissatisfaction
'Futu-ți pizda mă-tii! - "fuck your mother's cunt"
măgar-donkey (măgar, told to a "stubborn" or "selfish" person, or carrying the same meaning as "asshole!" in English
nenorocitule-motherfucker

Also thank you for liking this story so much and for your lovely comments which make my writer soul sing and cat-Nigel purr^^

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!